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WHO KNOWS?

You loathe that woman across the way,
With the red rim-brand on her hollow cheek,
And a dead stare in her eyes that say,
Yet in her heart some of the wildest
You would not even touch with your finger
Touched by the hand of your traitor friend,
And only your thanks at the hand who should
Bring her.

Back to a scene of her lawlessness,
Ah! had it been for you to find
A woman in the heart of life's sweetest room;
If lips had curled that were sworn to be kind,
With eyes before you and hand behind,
Would you have done better than she—who
Knows?

You spurn that man from your very door,
You are wealthy and honored, and all of that,
But he is a wretch and a rascal and poor,
And under the shadow of theft and debt;
You say to your wife, "There's the shameless and
pious,
And one of the other his place should be,
Lay my face and no old when
Still, as I in my gate to wheedle me,
Silly, to on board, some swift-coming dawn
May I ok on thee, likewise, a creature of wood,
Your caution to advise and dust be gone,
And this vagrant give him to your children—
Who knows?

There's many a man to grate wisely of life—
Behold, look at me, see how straightly I walk,
With a noble fellow-spirit gone down in the strife,
Who a gift would give in my hand a world of
talk;
We gather about us our garments of patience,
And take to our hearts a home of a day,
And shoulder a link of the hapless condition
Of poor ruined souls in the judgment day;
But, ah, when the angels look at last
And the world comes all unclean,
And the path be traced where the pilgrim passed,
Where the act and the not be alike are cast,
What soul will stand whitest with God—who
knows?

THE

Bandits of the Prairie.

A TALE OF THE TEXAN FRONTIER.

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE TRAIL.

When Walter Darrell was called away from his betrothed by George Stanhope, he walked quickly toward his prospective brother-in-law, who was on the porch, examining his rifle and whistling absently.

"What is it, my boy? Why did you call me?" asked Darrell.

"Why, those cursed Indians are around again," replied Stanhope.

"Indeed! Have you seen them?"

"Yes, I was out on a hunting expedition this afternoon—several miles out on the prairie. I had shot a fine-looking deer, and was just getting off my horse to examine my prize, when I heard the rumble of horses' feet, and looking over the prairie I saw a band of savages—about a dozen—coming at full speed toward me. I abandoned the deer, of course, turned my horse's head toward home, and fled for my life. The Indians pursued me for a short distance, but my horse outran them, and they soon gave up the chase. And now comes the strange part of it. When I last saw them, they had halted in the bed of a small stream, apparently for consultation; but when, a moment later, I looked back, they were nowhere to be seen. They could not have got out of sight in any direction by flight, for from the spot where I was I had a full view of the surrounding plain. They must have concealed themselves somewhere along the banks of the stream, but for what purpose I cannot imagine. I sat there on my horse for nearly an hour, watching for some trace of them, but not a living thing was to be seen near the spot, and as night was drawing near I hurried home."

"This is strange," said Darrell. "The Indians certainly mean mischief, or they would not have concealed themselves."

"So I think, but I can't imagine what they intend to do. They will hardly venture to attack the house, and Jean and his herdsmen will be too much for such a force as that, if they attempt to steal the cattle."

"Have you informed your father of the circumstances?"

"Yes. He fears only for his family, and wants us to stand guard all night. I don't think there is any danger, but it is best to be prepared for the worst. Hark! I thought I heard voices in the garden."

"I think you were mistaken, but I will go and see," said Darrell, turning away.

At that moment a wild, despairing scream rang through the hazy evening air.

"Oh, Walter, Walter! help, help, help!"

"Great God!" cried Darrell, springing toward the garden gate, "that is Louisa's voice—I left her safe in the arbor a moment ago—what can have happened?"

He rushed frantically into the garden, followed by George Stanhope and the other members of the family, all having been alarmed by that strange, terrible cry for help. He reached the arbor, but Jean and his herdsmen were too much for such a force as that, if they attempt to steal the cattle."

"She is gone!" he groaned, staggering like a drunken man.

"Come, do you say?" exclaimed Mr. Stanhope in an agonized voice.

"Ay, she is gone—lost—stolen—by whom, God alone knows."

"The Indians—the Indians!" cried George. "It is their work, and what if we would rescue the poor girl, we must start in pursuit at once. Listen!"

Faintly, from the darkness of the distant prairie, came floating a mournful cry—

"Oh, Walter, Walter, Walter!"

"My God!" said Darrell, almost insane with grief, "my darling calls to me, and I am powerless to help her! Stanhope, what

shall we do? Shall we stand here like cowards, while the poor girl is being borne away to death—or worse than death?"

"No!" replied young Stanhope, fiercely. "We will go at once to the rescue. Pompey," to a black servant-boy, who stood with eyes and mouth widely distended, "run to the stables and saddle Ebony and Rover, and bring them out at once."

"Yes, sah!" said the boy, darting away.

"Darrell, we will go to the house and arm ourselves to the teeth," continued George, whose bold, adventurous disposition was fully awakened. "Father, you must stay to guard the house. We will deliver my sister from the hands of these wretches, or perish in the attempt."

A moment later the two young men, armed with rifles and revolvers, mounted to the backs of their restless steeds.

"Good-bye, father, mother and sister," said George, hastily. "God willing, we will soon return with the missing one—beautiful, lost Louisa."

"Good-bye, my son," said the afflicted father, in trembling tones, "and Heaven aid your enterprise."

Without further words, the young men put spurs to their horses and galloped furiously across the prairie.

"I fear that we shall not succeed in our expedition," said Darrell, gloomily. "We know not where to go to find your sister's captors, and we shall not have the power to set her free, even if we succeed in finding her."

"Don't be down-hearted, Walter," returned Stanhope. "Let us hope for the best, at least. I am confident that Louisa was stolen by a part of the same gang that pursued me, and they will of course bear her to the place where they left their comrades—in all probability to the place where they disappeared after chasing me this evening. We will ride straight for this stream, as fast as our horses can carry us, and it is possible that we may overtake the scoundrels who have abducted my sister before they get back to their companions. If we do, we will settle with them as they deserve; if we do not, we will trust to luck to aid us, but I will never give up till my sister is delivered from her savage captors."

"I am with you, George, heart and hand," said Walter, solemnly. "Your sister is dearer to me than all the world, and I would lose my life rather than see a hair of her dear head harmed."

"Then we are brothers indeed, and we will hunt to the death the dear girl's captors."

"Amen!" replied Darrell, in a voice that betokened his earnestness.

They rode on for a considerable distance without speaking further. The night was clear, and the stars gave sufficient light to enable the travellers to discern surrounding objects with tolerable distinctness.

"We are nearing the stream where the red-skins concealed themselves," said Stanhope at length. "The rascals who stole poor Louisa must have had swift horses, or we should have overtaken them before this. We must now be cautious, and try to discover their encampment, for I am certain that they are concealed somewhere among the trees on the opposite side of the stream."

"I think rather that the Indians have fled without halting with their beautiful captive, and that if we would find her we must seek her in the Cananache villages."

"I think not—I hope not," said George, excitedly. "In that case, we need not hope to find my sister for days. But I am confident that the Indians are encamped for the night near here, and if they are we shall discover them."

"How shall we proceed? Remember I am a novice in Indian warfare, or border strategy. I can ride and shoot as well as any one, but you must direct our movements."

"Well, I am familiar with the prairie, and I know something about the habits of these red scoundrels of the desert. If they are encamped over yonder, they have stationed two of their number as sentinels, while the rest are stretched upon the ground in slumber. If we can approach without being heard, we may be able to stab the sentinels, and free the captive. It's a dangerous game, I know—if we are discovered, we shall have a short time in which to say our prayers; but we must run the risk."

"Let us work, then, at once—very moment of time is precious."

"First we must cross this shallow stream, and we must go slowly, lest our horses make too much noise. Ho, Rover—be careful, old boy."

The fording of the stream was accomplished in silence, and the young men halted upon the bank.

"We must dismount, and tie our horses," said Stanhope, "while we reconnoitre on foot. If the Indians are here, they are concealed in that strip of timber which skirts the stream for a short distance. Now I propose that you ascend the bank, and scout along that edge of the timber, while I will follow the bank of the stream, and we will meet at the other end of the piece of woods, which does not extend more than half a mile. If there is a camp anywhere among the trees, one or the other of us will certainly discover it, as the timber belt is very narrow."

"Very well—I think it a good plan," replied Darrell, springing from his horse and fastening his securely to the branch of a tree, while his companion did the same.

"Be careful, Walter—make no noise; do not fire a shot, under any circumstances."

"Trust me, I will be cautious," said Walter, springing lightly up the grassy bank, and stealing noiselessly along just at the edge of the strip of timber. Crouching like a tiger in search of prey, the young man crept forward, straining his eyes to pierce the gloomy darkness of the wood, and listening intently to hear some sound that would warn him of the presence of his savage foes. But nothing was to be seen or heard. No camp-fire cast its ghastly light over the surrounding foliage; no sound broke the solemn stillness of the autumn night. At length he reached the limits of the wood, and was confronted by a crouching, shadowy figure, similar to his own.

"Stanhope?" he asked, staring hard at the dark form.

"Well?" replied the voice of his friend.

"I have discovered nothing," said Darrell.

"Nor I," replied Stanhope. "The Indians are not here—and Heaven alone knows when and where we shall find poor Louisa."

"We must not give up the search," said Darrell.

"Of course not—but it will be useless for us to try to follow the trail to-night. We must go back to our horses, wait till morning, and take the trail at the first approach of daylight."

"And while we are tarrying here, the savages will be carrying poor Louisa miles and miles farther away."

"Well, what can we do?" replied George, impatiently. "We cannot find the trail to-night—and in all probability we should go in an entirely wrong direction; but if we wait till morning, we can

easily follow their tracks, and very likely overtake them by to-morrow night."

"You are right, George; we will do as you think best. But I am maddened when I think how my darling must be suffering, and I unable to aid her."

"Let us return at once to the place where we left our horses. I know we cannot sleep, but we will wait as patiently as possible for the appearance of morning."

The two friends started back toward their horses, walking swiftly, and exchanging a word at intervals, as they no longer saw any reason for preserving silence. When about half the distance was traversed, Darrell paused suddenly, and clutched his companion's arm.

"Hark!" he said, in a thrilling whisper.

"I hear nothing," replied Stanhope, after listening intently for a moment.

"I heard the snapping of twigs there and the trees, as if some one was walking through the timber."

"You were mistaken, Walter," said Stanhope. "If you heard any noise, it was caused by some wild animal. Let us go on."

The young men returned to their horses, and grasping their revolvers in their hands, threw themselves on the ground, not to sleep, but to await the appearance of daylight. The time passed slowly to the anxious brother and lover—every hour seemed an age to them; but at last the gray light of dawn was seen in the east, and the darkness faded away.

As soon as they could see distinctly, the friends commenced searching for the trail of the retreating Indians. They had no trouble in finding it, as the horses had left the prints of their hoofs plainly in the soft ground. The tracks were numerous, some leading one way and some another; evidently the Indians had crossed and recrossed the stream at the same point. As the trail could easily be followed, the young men mounted their steeds, and galloped rapidly westward across the vast plain.

"The rascals have not tried to conceal their trail, at any rate," said Stanhope. "There are not more than eight or ten of them, I think; but if there should be a hundred, we will not be afraid."

"I would fight the whole Cananache tribe for the sake of rescuing your sister," replied Darrell.

Speaking but seldom, they rode onward swiftly and steadily. The trail led for miles in a straight line across a seemingly boundless prairie, where not even a tree relieved the monotony of the scene. At last, after several hours of hard riding, the young men came to the edge of a small river, which crept sluggishly along between the low, grassy banks. The stream was wide and shallow at the place where the Indians trail led to the water, and our friends had no difficulty in fording it. But on the opposite shore the trail could not be found, and the young men were puzzled to decide what course to pursue.

"The Indians have waded their horses for some distance up or down the stream, in order to throw their pursuers off the track, and if we look along the shore we shall find the trail again," said George.

But he was mistaken. They rode for a long distance up and down the sandy shore, but not a mark of a horse's hoof could be found.

"It is folly to waste time thus," at length exclaimed Stanhope. "They must have crossed the river at some point, for there is no hiding-place near here, and we may as well ride on at once. I'm certain we'll soon strike the trail again on the prairie."

Darrell made no reply. His face was clouded with gloom, for he had almost

given up the hope of finding the maiden whom he loved so dearly.

They galloped onward with unabated speed, hoping against hope; and ere long they again came upon a trail, which they supposed to be the same that they had been following.

"They thought to cheat us, but they were not cunning enough," said George, exultantly. "Cheer up, Walter—if we don't overtake the red devils before night, I'm much mistaken."

"But what can two do against a dozen?" asked Walter.

"They can do much, when their cause is as just as ours. I feel myself a match for any six such thieving rascals, and so do you, my boy."

"I will fight to the death—man cannot do more."

"I feel that we shall be successful. Up, Rover—no lagging here—you have miles before you still."

The day wore on. The sun was sinking in the heavens ere the young scouts allowed their panting horses to pause, and make their thirst from the waters of a little stream.

"Do you see that grove of trees yonder?" asked Stanhope, pointing to a belt of timber about a mile distant, behind which the afternoon sun was sinking.

"Of course; what of it?" returned Darrell.

"And do you see that tiny wreath of smoke curling above the tops of the trees?"

"I do. What does it mean?"

"It means that the Indians are encamped there, cooking their supper, and that to-night we must make the effort to rescue poor Louisa."

"Let us rush forward at once, then, and surprise them," said Walter, eagerly.

"You certainly told the truth when you said that you knew nothing about Indian warfare," replied George, smiling. "Were we to do as you say, we should be a good deal more surprised than our enemies. We must conceal ourselves, and wait till darkness falls, when the Indians will be nearly all asleep. Then, if we are silent and careful, we may succeed in our design."

"It is hard to wait," said Darrell, "but I suppose we must do so. I, at least, conceal ourselves at once, lest the Indians discover us, and thus defeat our plans."

Dismounting, the young men fastened their horses in a little thicket of bushes, and then lay down to await, with what patience they could, the coming of the friendly darkness.

The sun sank in the west, and the twilight faded into deeper gloom. The sky was hazy, and the night breeze fair to be intensely dark. The young men crept from the shelter of the bushes, and waited swiftly but silently toward the grove in which they supposed the Indians to be encamped. They reached the edge of the grove, and crouched like guilty things beneath the trees, staring with eager eyes at the scene before them.

An awful of dry branches blazed beneath the foliage of a huge live-oak, and receding around the fire, in various degrees of drowsiness, were nearly a score of brawny and hideously painted Indians. And in the centre of the group, with her head sunk upon her lap, and her dark curls flowing unconfined over her shoulders, was a woman, whose graceful figure indicated that she was young and beautiful.

"It is Louisa," whispered Darrell.

"Come on—are you ready?"

"Wait," said his friend, holding him back. "Wait until the Indians are all wrapped in deep slumber, and then we will steal forward and cut the bands that

bind the poor girl's limbs. Be still as death—the slightest sound may spoil all." Ere many minutes, the most wakeful of the red braves rolled over upon the ground, and his heavy breathing told the anxious watchers that he was in the land of dreams. "Now!" whispered Stanhope, grasping his friend's arm. "You must stand forward and cut the cords, while I stand ready to plunge my hunting knife to the hilt at the first brave that awakes. Be careful!"

Noisily as ghosts, the young men stole forward among the deadly shadows. Darrell held in his hand a small, keen-edged knife, with which to sever the cords that bound the maiden's wrists and ankles. He bent over her, and laid his hand gently on her shoulder. "Louisa!" he whispered in her ear.

The captive started slightly, raised her head, and the light of the fire fell full upon her face.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE HANDS OF THE CANANACHES.

The beautiful face which was raised to Darrell's was not the face of Louisa Stanhope.

"Not Louisa!" he gasped. "Oh, Heaven, where can my darling be?"

"Hush!" hissed George Stanhope, grasping his friend's arm. "Are you mad, Darrell? Do you wish to die, that you act thus in the very midst of our enemies?"

"Yes," replied Darrell aloud. "Louisa is not here, and I care not how soon I die."

"Hush, I say! Come away—quick, the Indians are awaking. Come—but it is too late—you have betrayed us—we must die the most horrible of deaths!"

Aroused by Darrell's voice, several of the red braves sprang to their feet, and when they saw the two pale faces standing in their midst, they raised a terrible whoop, which effectively awakened their comrades, and quickly surrounded the daring disturbers of their slumbers.

"Me kill, if fight—give up," said one of the savages, brokenly.

"Kill away, curse you!" said Stanhope, fiercely. "Shoot them down, Walter, and make an effort to escape, at least."

As he spoke, young Stanhope plunged his knife to the hilt of the nearest Indian, and bounded through the opening made by his fall, uttering a loud and defiant yell. But ere he could run a dozen steps, several dark and brawny forms were upon him, and he was thrust to the ground and bound hand and foot in a moment.

"White man shall die—burn him at the stake," said one of his captors, triumphantly.

"Do you think to scare me?" retorted the young man, fearlessly. "Burn me as you please, you will never get a groan of pain from me."

"White man thinks him very brave—when hot flames burn his flesh, he cry out like old squaw," laughed the Indian.

"You shall see," replied Stanhope, glaring savagely at his captors.

The Indians said no more, but two or three brawny fellows proceeded to drag their prize to the camp, while the others followed close behind, expressing their enjoyment of the scene by guttural grunts.

Darrell was also securely bound, he being too much overcome with the despair to make any resistance. The sudden transition from buoyant hope to the depths of despair had thrown him into a state of reckless stupor, and he did not realize his actual situation until he found himself bound to a small tree, a few feet distant from his similarly situated friend.

"Well, you see what your madness has brought us to!" said Stanhope, almost angrily.

"What does it matter, since Louisa cannot be found?" replied Darrell, who, lower like, regarded his mistress as the only thing in the world worth living for.

"But my sister might have been found, had we presented the search; but now we are powerless to aid her or ourselves. There is no escape from a terrible death."

"Forgive me, George," said Walter. "I was mad—I knew not what I did. After perceiving myself that I was about to rescue the being who is dearer to me than life, to find in her place a total stranger, was more than I could bear."

"I forgive you, Walter—the blow was a terrible one. Perhaps we may have some chance to escape, although I have little hope. Who can this poor captive be?"

"I know not. I only saw that she was a young and beautiful girl."

"Somebody's pet and darling, as Louisa was ours, no doubt," said Stanhope. "Walter, we must help the poor girl out of this, if we possibly can."

"We are in a position to help any one, are we not?" replied Darrell, grimly.

"True, we stand as much in need of help ourselves as any one—but we will not give way to despair. Evidently the red-skins do not intend to kill us to-night, and who knows what may happen to-morrow?"

"They will torture us, I suppose?"

"Without doubt. Unless we escape, our doom will be death at the stake."

"If your sister is dead, I will welcome any death, however terrible, so that my spirit may go to join hers in the world of shadows."

"You talk wildly, man," said Stanhope, impatiently. "It is not at all likely that my sister is dead. The savages would not murder one so young and beautiful. They would rather reserve her for a fate still worse, and if we would prevent her from becoming the wife of some brutal Cananache, we must escape and rush to her rescue."

"There, belay all that!" he suddenly

exclaimed. "And half-a-dozen of you clear out all the trumpery out of the cabin; we'll have a rummage to-night."

A tramping of feet now sounded as though coming toward us, when I heard Jacobo say:

"Steady, my lad, I have to fetch down for the party; wait there, and I'll return on the moment."

Directly afterward the trap was raised and Jacobo descended.

"Ah, padrone," said he, "you see I am not ungrateful. I would have saved you, but I was impossible, as it is, my life is in the hands of the comrade whom I tried to save you. But there is not a moment to be lost; I have the keeping of the stern hold. Look you, here be two rows of men's backs and feet. If you, man-servant, can hide behind the one, and you, padrone, behind the other, you may have in some sort two 'bottle' chambers to yourselves after the English fashion, or, if you prefer the same hiding place, take it, in Heaven's name, but end this a moment."

"And what will be the end of this?" I asked after some hurried expressions of gratitude.

"I cannot say," he replied. "I will from time to time, when I descend to get meat and clean the place, bring you provisions. How long this can last, whether we are going, and whether in the end we can rescue, time must show. If we should shortly put into some port, I may be able to pass you ashore in one of these boats, but we may not see land for a month—any way, for your lives keep quiet. I don't know," he added, yet there's no help for it. Hide, hide! I dare not say a moment longer."

He rolled down a heap of biscuits, placed a pitcher of water by them, and departed.

Never will our first fearful night in our strange concealment be forgotten. The pirates' crew held wild revelry over our heads; their fierce and inhuman speech, their lawless songs, their awful and demonic oaths, their wild intoxication, made Mary thrill with a horror that half excited the wish to escape in death from the polluting vicinity of such infernal abominations. The hold was so shallow that we appeared to be close to the revelers. Their voices sounded so near that we seemed almost among them, and our concealment a miracle; while the heat became so stifling and unbearable that we could scarcely gasp, and I began to fear that Mary would become exhausted.

It was a strange reflection that, without the warning of a moment, he in the hands of our brutal and unmerciful captors; for our concealment afforded not even the slender defence of an inside lock or bolt, and the carpet, which seemed to present a slight barrier between us and the gang, lay over our heads, as no longer necessary to give our late sleeping place the peaceful appearance of a cabin fitted up for passengers.

The light streamed here and there through the crevice in the trap-door, and I involuntarily trembled when I saw it fall on Mary's white dress, as if, even in that concealment, it might betray her. We dared scarcely breathe, or stir even a hand from the comfortable attitude in which we were placed. We could even hear the crew speak occasionally of our murder in a careless and confident manner. As length the crew came to an end, and exhausted from excitement I fell asleep. I was aroused somewhere near morning by a conversation between the captain and his mate, who went by the name of Jack; apparently they had been speaking for some time.

"I suppose, captain," said Jack, "we go on our usual plan, eh? The spoils to be distributed among the ship's company, and the jewels and persons to be appropriated in a quiet way by the officers? And I once in a way I hope there'll be no breach of discipline, eh? Don't you see, in asking where might be deposited that secret casket containing you, and I, and one or two more, know what I mean that we took from the Spanish-American brig?"

"It is in the stern hold beneath our feet at this moment," said the captain. "A good time for diverting the contents," said Jack. "I'll fetch a light in the twinkling of an eye."

"No need," replied the captain. "I'll warrant I can lay my hand on it in the dark."

Without the warning of another moment the fierce commander was in our hold. On the removal of the trap-door a faint light streamed into our prison; but it fell only on the port immediately under the ingress, and left the sides in obscurity.

I, in fact, was about four in the morning. I had laid Mary down on some torn straw mats in that division of the hold which Jacobo had assigned her, and had myself retired behind my own back of men's backs. In order that my daughter should possess, for her person, something like the freedom of a small cabin to herself, I had scarcely time to glide round to Mary's side ere the merciless buccaner descended. We almost crept into the narrow walls of our foul den, and I, and Mary, drew down the sack upon us.

The captain felt about with his hand, sometimes pushing it behind the sacks, and sometimes feeling under them. And now he passed his arm through those which were our concealment. Gracious Heaven! his hand had discovered Mary! He grasped it, and he began to drag her forward, but at this moment his foot struck against the casket for which he was searching. He stooped to seize it; and, as his hold on Mary slackened, I contrived to pass toward his hands a portion of the old dry cloth, so as to impress him with the belief that it was the original of just his grasp. He dragged it forward and then let it go.

But he had disturbed the compact adjustment of the sacks, and, as the vessel was now rolling violently in a tempestuous sea, a terrible lurch laid prostrate our true barons wall of defence, and we stood exposed without a barrier between ourselves and the ruthless commander of the frigate. To us it now seemed that all was lost; and I leaned over Mary, just to offer my own bosom as a shelter and aid to her.

The captain had gone to the light to pass his coat through the trap-door. The sun was rising; and the crimson hues of dawn, meeting to other objects in the hold save the depraved and hardened countenance of our keeper, threw on his swarthy complexion such a ruddy glow as, contrasted with the surrounding darkness, gave him the appearance of some fiend demon emerging from the infernal regions, and bearing on his unblinking countenance the reflection of the eternal fire he had just quitted.

That glow was, however, our salvation. The captain turned, with an oath, to place the fallen sack, and, as he did so, he stumbled on a candle, even on a bright starry night, knew that the sudden transition from a greater to a lesser degree of light, produces, for a moment or two, the

effect of absolute darkness; and thus our concealment lay enveloped in utter darkness to the captain's eyes, dazzled by the morning's first flood of light. But it was difficult for the half-breasted being so, when they saw him straining toward them, his eyes fixed on the spot where they stood, though he saw them not; it was difficult to see, and yet retain a conviction that they were not seen.

The captain replaced the sacks immediately, and we felt half doubtful, as he pushed them with violence against the beams where we stood, whether he had not actually discovered our persons, and taken this method of at once destroying us by bruises and suffocation. His work, however, accompanied by an impressive running comment on Jacobo's careless manner of stowage.

We were now again buried in our concealment, but another danger awaited us. Jacobo descended to the cabin.

An involuntary though half stifled shriek escaped him when he beheld the captain. He started into the hold, and his ghastly smile of inquiry for he spoke not—demanded if his ruin was sealed.

"I have been looking at your pretty work here, monsieur," said the gruff captain, pointing to the deranged sacks behind which we were concealed.

I caught a glimpse through them of Jacobo's despairing countenance. It was a fearful moment, for it seemed as if we were about to be involuntarily betrayed by our ally at the very instant we had escaped our enemy.

Jacob's teeth literally chattered, and he muttered something about gallantry and honor, and there being a lady, and Mr. Derwent an old acquaintance.

"And so, because you disposed of a couple of labbers, as your duty was, at your captain's command, you think he would not see to the righting of his own stern hold?" said the captain, with a gruff and abortive effort at pleasantry, for he felt Jacobo's importance in amusing and keeping in good humor the motley crew. Jacobo's answer showed that he was now enlightened. And thus we had a fourth rescue from the very jaws of death.

Day after day passed away, and still we were the miserable, half-starved, half-frenzied, though unknown prisoners of this demon gang, holding our lives, as it were, by a thread, hanging in the most terrible suspense between time and eternity, and counting every prolonged moment of our existence as a miracle. Jacobo at this period rarely dared visit us; he came only when the business of the ship actually sent him. The cabin above was now occupied at night by the captain and some of his most depraved associates, and that small alleviation of our fears, small relief from our confinement, small occasion of addressing a few consoling words to each other, was afforded us by either day or night.

At length I began to fear that Mary would sink under the confined air and the constant excitement; her breath became short and difficult; the blood passed through her veins in feverish hot and intermittent pulsation. It was agony to feel her convulsed frame and hear her faintly drawn and dying breath, and know that I could not carry her into the reviving breezes of Heaven, nor afford a single alleviation of her suffering without at once magnifying that dread of life which was now wearing away by a slow and lingering death.

At length her respiration began to partake of the loud and irrepressible character which is so often the precursor of dissolution. She deemed her hour drawing nigh, yet feebly raised, for my sake, her head, and those faint moans of expiring nature which might betray our concealment. I became sensible that the latter could not much longer remain a secret, and with a strange calmness, made up my mind for the coming decisive hour. I supported Mary's head, poured a faltering prayer into her dying ear, wiped the death-drops from her face, and endeavored to whisper some expressions of affection and consolation. Happily for me, there was such a tempest of wind and sea as drowned the expiring sighs of my child.

At this moment Jacobo descended to the hold. He put his finger significantly on his lips and whispered—

"Courage! rescue! There's a sail in the offing, on our weather bow. Our captain marks her not; but I have watched her for some time with a glass, and if she be not a British schooner, at my eyes and the glass are deceivers altogether."

I grasped Mary's hand; she feebly returned the pressure and murmured, "Too late."

For the lapse of a minute it was evident that our possible deliverer had been discovered by the crew, for we could hear by the bustle of feet and the noise of voices that the ship was being put about, and the harsh voice of the buccaner chief was heard even above the roar of the waters giving hasty orders to urge on the vessel.

Jacobo promised to bring us more news, and quitted us. The rush of air into the hold seemed to have revived Mary, and my hopes began to rise. It was soon evident, however, that the vessel was not to be rescued, and every effort to avoid our hoped-for deliverer. After a while the wind abated, the ship became steadier, and certainly made less way. A voice over our heads said distinctly, in French, "The sloop stops as it may be." A low murmured conversation now ensued, and then again the same voice exclaimed, "The sloop is chasing!"

Of anything like the anxiety of those moments it is impossible for me to convey an idea. I felt that if aid could only arrive all would be well, but to have my child dying before my eyes was more than I could bear, and I was once or twice almost tempted to take her in my arms, rush on deck, and appeal to the mercy—if any was to be found—of the crew. Thank Heaven now I did not yield!

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of the principals of the crew came into the cabin, and to my horror I heard them register a secret and most horrible oath to scuttle the vessel if they were defeated, and to thus sink both captives and captors in one common grave.

The worst was now come at last; as long as there had been a possibility of escape I had been in an agony of excitement, but now that death was certain whichever vessel gained the day, the calm of utter despair came upon me, and I turned, intent only on soothing the dying moments of my child.

Not a ray of light now penetrated through the chinks of the trap-door, and from the noise of the falling weights I was inclined to think that shot had been placed over the mouth of our prison, thereby effectually sealing our doom. Should the pirates keep their dreadful oath of scuttling the vessel, the noise of the preparation had in it something inspiring to the ear, and, as it effectually drowned every other sound, I drew Mary from behind the sacks into the most roomy part of our prison, and, as I was about to create a noise by my handkerchief to a feeble freshness of air around her, when suddenly I heard a shot fired, evidently from the sloop, and almost directly after a hoarse hail of—"Ship ahoy! leave to, or we'll sink you!"

I caught a glimpse through them of Jacobo's despairing countenance. It was a fearful moment, for it seemed as if we were about to be involuntarily betrayed by our ally at the very instant we had escaped our enemy.

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MINNY'S FALL.

BY LETTICE THORPE.

"Charles? He flew off as if he had been shot."

"He's a brute, Helen, I hate him. I never want to see him again!" Concoiled puppy!"

"Why, your poor child, do tell me all about it!"

"Just wait until I reach my room, and can lie down, then I will tell you the whole charming story, but I shall go home just as soon as my foot is well enough, and I never will speak to him again as long as I live. Never!"

No Helen assisted her to her chamber, and examined the injured ankle, which was indeed much bruised and swollen; but her aunt soon appearing to offer her kindly aid, the grateful expression passed from the young girl's face, and she rewarded her efforts to make her comfortable with her usual sweet and sunny smile.

Poor Helen, in the meantime, was dying with impatience to hear the story, and as soon as the two girls were alone, she exclaimed—

"Now, darling, tell me all about it!"

"Why, Helen, I played my part like a bouncer, as I knew I should. The horse was indeed much bruised and swollen; but I felt with my ankle under me, upon a stone. I was thankful enough to be back and pretend insensibility. But when Mr. Forsyth reached the place, and taking me in his arms, called me his sweet Minny, some exasperating spirit took possession of me, and I laughed in his face like an idiot."

"Oh, Minny, what made you?"

"I don't know, I tell you; it was just like me. I always knew I hadn't any sense."

"But what did Charles do then?"

"He dropped me, the mean fellow! just as if I had been a bag of wool. I never will look at him again, never! Your beautiful romance has ended delightfully, hasn't it? The gallant lover leaves the lady rolling in the dust, to get home as she can. I hate him! I despise him!"

"But you did not know that you were hurt, of course, or he never would have left you, even if he did suspect a trick. There he comes now up the hill."

"Indeed! How does the mighty gentleman look?"

"Very black, Minny, I must confess, but I am slightly nervous, I know, when he is near, and I don't like to look at him just now, and let you try to sleep."

"I shall not sleep, and I shall not accept his apologies. I hate him and myself, and—"

"No, no, Minny, I hope. I thought I should bring you two together, and we should all be so glad, but good-bye for the present," and kissing the tired girl, she went to meet her cousin.

"Why, Charles," she began, in reproachful tones, "how could you treat Minny as you did? She hurt her foot very badly, and she was confined to her room, probably, for several days."

"Hurt Helen! did you say that she was hurt?"

"Of course I did, and you left her so strangely, to crawl up here all by herself. She is very much offended, I assure you."

"Why, Helen, she laughed in my face, and I thought it was all a trick just to make a fool of me."

"Girls generally laugh when they are pleased."

"Don't be absurd, Helen; but I did not dream that she was hurt. Go and apologize to her for me, that's a good girl, and give her some more of your mince pies. Helen did not wait for anything more, but flew up to Minny's room, to find her still awake and crying bitterly."

"Why, your poor little darling," she exclaimed, "do not cry so, or I never shall forgive myself. But here is a rose from Charles. He feels as badly as you do. He asks you forgiveness in the humblest manner. Indeed, he almost pushed me down in his eagerness, as if I were of no consequence at all. He did not dream that you were hurt, for Minny, and here she comes to see me, making fun of him."

"Minny took the rose, with a very forgiving smile, notwithstanding her recent protestations of unending hostility, and Helen went away feeling quite sure that sleep would soon come to refresh and strengthen her. She was confined to her room, however, for several days, during which Charles chafed and fretted, and scarcely tried to hide his impatience for her reappearance."

"Charles, what is the matter?" Helen asked one day. "I believe you are in love at last; but who can it be? I should suspect our patient upstairs, only you will be loath to do with your own woman; must be a sweet, frank, but—"

"Stop, Helen, stop—don't repeat my nonsense."

"But, tell me now, cousin, is it Minny?"

"Yes it is," he replied, earnestly; "but I have not the slightest idea whether she cares for me or not. I have a great mind to tell her so, but I don't know how to do it. I don't, don't, Charles," interrupted Helen quickly.

"Why not, Helen?" he asked, looking up in surprise.

"Oh, because, because—make her a good, honest, manly offer, and she will accept it, and be happy."

"But she may refuse me, Helen, and I could not endure—"

"There she comes, now do as I tell you."

And she ran out of one door, as Minny entered the other. It was hard to tell which was the good news, and which the bad. But as Minny's step seemed very uncertain, owing to her lameness, of course, Charles put his arm around her, and for the next ten minutes he hardly knew what he said or did, until Minny smiling up at him through her tears, whispered—

"Now indeed, I am proud." Then, with many thanks, she told him all about her cousin's little plot, fearing greatly that he would be deceived; but he only laughed, and said it had ended very happily.

What is said about us.

It is a much greater kindness to tell us the good things that are said about us than the bad ones. Scarcely remarks that when a man pretends what he is about to say to you by telling you that "it is something you ought to know," the safest course is to look him full in the face, and say to yourself, "because you are sure to want to hear he has got through speaking it is a contradiction why we 'ought to know' had things said of us instead of the good—why we should be vexed instead of pleased—disheartened instead of strengthened. The true friend is the one who helps us to see ourselves at our best, and encourages us to live up to our highest possibilities. Constant fault-finding is as fatal to the growth of moral or mental graces as frost is to flowers, or thunder-showers to butterflies. We have our interest when we are told continually of our failures, but to hear of our success is as pleasant that, hearing, we resolve to succeed forever. To form a habit of speaking of the pleasant rather than the unpleasant of life would be an education for friendship."

"What is the matter?" she cried, "what makes you look so?"

"Mad? Yes," exclaimed Minny, pettishly, "that is just the way I feel. I have made a fool of myself, and hurt my ankle in the bargain, and there's the end of my interesting scheme, Miss Rodney. I am so mad, so—"

"Oh, Minny, don't be angry with me. I'm so sorry. But let me help you, and tell me how it all happened. Didn't you see

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POPULAR LECTURES ON SCIENCE. By H. H. HARRINGTON, Prof. of Physics in the University of Berlin. Translated by E. A. HARRINGTON, Prof. of Experimental Science, Staff College. With an Introduction by Prof. T. N. HARRINGTON. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

GUIDE OF THE UNITED STATES. TOURIST'S RESORTS, AND HOW TO REACH THEM. Embracing by one hundred wood engravings, including (Gothic) what to see and how to see it. Published by J. B. Haffelfinger, Boston, and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. Price \$2.00.

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MARY ANN. MARY ANN. By Mrs. O. PRATT, author of "Zillah," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Price \$1.75.

THE MAGAZINE. The June Magazine—Lippincott's Magazine, The Atlantic Monthly, Scribner's Monthly, and The Galaxy—are all full of interesting matter, essays, sketches, stories, &c. The only original publishers and editors leave but little to be desired in the way of magazine literature.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for April has been issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE FOR THE YEAR 1872. We are indebted to the Hon. Leonard Myers for this volume, which is of such an interesting character that Congress ordered the printing of 250,000 extra copies of it. It would have pleased us very greatly to do the printing at a fair price, but very likely it pleased somebody else just as much, and so we suppose it is about as even as things are in the habit of coming out in this world. If each of these 250,000 copies should be carefully read, say by ten persons, then these 2,500,000 persons will derive an amount of instruction from this work which fully justifies all the cost of printing such a large number.

WIT AND WISDOM OF GEORGE ELIOT. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, and also for sale by J. B. Haffelfinger & Co., Philadelphia.

TWO BOYS SAVED, OR, ONLY A PLAIN WOMAN. By MARY DUNNELL CHURCH. Approved by the Committee of Publication, Published by the Congressional Publishing Society, Boston street, Boston. For sale by J. C. Haffelfinger & Co., Philadelphia. Price \$1.25.

LITTLE WANDERER. THE FOUNDLING OF HENDON. By CRISTINA TAYLOR, author of "Millionaire's Home," &c. Published by Congressional Publishing Society, Boston. Price \$1.00.

FAIRMOUNT PARK. Sketches of its Scenery, Water, and History. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. Price 75 cents.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE for July, 1873. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

There is a young Quaker lady in Philadelphia who is so conscientious that she won't take a kiss without returning it. Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, was applied to by a friend for his autograph; to which he replied, "Sir, I never send autographs. Yours, DANIEL O'CONNELL."

A youth struck his horse with a gun to make him go. The horse, the gun, and the youth were all killed. A woman in Cleveland lately broke a burglar's head with a broom, and put him to ignominious flight. Nothing but continued practice in her own family circle could have made her so efficient with the weapon.

At the end of a well-known French opera house a gentleman remarked to a lady next him that the opera was "long enough." "Yes," she replied, "and quite as long as I can stand it."

Both the well-known actor, had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him, "I like your acting, Mr. Booth, but, to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose." "So, you mean, madam," replied the actor, "that the bridge is gone."

There is a good story told of Bishop Moore. He was sitting next a lady at a party, who said to him, "You have in your province two rival bishops, C and another fellow; which of them do you incline to?" "I am the other fellow," replied Moore.

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MISERABLE EXCUSES

It does appear as though this sort of streak of sham and humbug runs through American work universally. In a city not far from here a large and handsome building, four stories high, was in process of

UNSAFE!

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

along and offered me a set of cables I should have had no hesitation in accepting them, and that, understand, when fuliginosus and grenadines and gauzes are lying around loose waiting to be worn. The weather this season reminds me of the fellow who attempted to live in Northern Wisconsin. "He didn't like it up there. It was winter nine months of the year, and awful late in the fall all the rest of the time."

living hands had planted flowers in rich and rare profusion, just one little bushy ornamental shrub or a slip of yucca and transferred to the graves of the forgotten ones.

There are many of these there, those too who have died in all the sweetness and beauty of youth, the once fair marble crumbling to decay, their grave trodden down and destroyed. I pon many of them the name is entirely obliterated, and in many instances dates as far back as 1801.

Charlotte Temple, the young unfortunate creature whose fate has been woven into song and the story of whose life is familiar to every one, lies near the road and the road is a foot from her. One plain marble slab marks her resting-place, while upon it are simply engraved the words CHARLOTTE TEMPLE. No date of birth or death, nothing but the simple name. She died, alone among strangers, no loving hand to smooth her hair, no one to whisper words of comfort to the soul and recall her sorrows. For years the grave was unmarked save by a simple board upon which her name appeared; but at last, and only a little time ago, some one out of pure philanthropy contributed the stone, now so plain and so simple, and not only the name but an appropriate and affecting epitaph; but one winter night some one entered the churchyard and cut away all save the name. There is a deep hollow in the stone where the inscription once lay, and the inscription does not upon the grave it is always filled with the water which gathers there from frequent rains; and the other day as I passed beneath of bright plumed songsters fluttered about, hopping from side to side, leaving their feet in the water, and doing but to excite the carver's freedom. I turned away and left her there alone with the birds, whose plain

HOME AND SOCIETY

THE FINE-ART OF EATING.

We need to lengthen out the time employed in eating, to learn to eat more slowly. It is said that more than one-half

THE HUMAN FOOT.

The following is also very beautiful, from Sir John Suckling's "Ballad of the Wedding—"

BY DAISY BURNS.

After some consideration I decided upon embarking for Malta in a native coaster,

Biographical Sketches

CLEOPATRA.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN

* Pictarch.

THE YOUTH

— • —

A Cornered Legislator.

"Can such things be?" exclaimed Perkins, rising from his seat and tearing up and down the room in a whirlwind of righteous wrath and virtuous indignation. "What a state of things this is! A plague on both of your houses, I won't vote at all!"

"All right," said I, "I'll get you the five hundred dollars for being absent."

And as the jolly senator brought to mind the horror of perplexity in which this last proposition involved old Perkins, he roared with laughter.

TILL DEATH.

Upon her upturned face the moonlight shone;
 Her eyes were turned to him with longing gaze;
 Within her happy eyes the light still gleamed
 From words that only love could understand.
 "Thine own till death," he sighed, "till death my
 own!"

And love's secret captive thrills her heart.
 Each word upon her ear in music falls.
 As when some heavenly angel is near;
 The melody comes out of her heart's core;
 The words she speaks are in foreign tongue,
 "Till death! till death! till death! till death!"

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A few short years, and by the waning light
 Of a September's rainy afternoon,
 She lies in death beneath the chilling night
 That fell upon her happy life so soon.
 Her eyes are closed in longing, yet in dread,
 Upon the faded letter that she holds,
 While tears like rain fall on the muffled bed.
 "Till death! till death! till death! till death!"

Love, then, know that not till death, she reads, and lo!
 The years departed upon like a scroll;
 The old-time flush creeps over her cheek of snow;
 Love's flame relights the windows of her soul,
 She sees the end, and with one heart-wrung cry,
 The last of hope, the first of long despair,
 "Till death! till death! till death! till death!"

The world's a grave, and hope lies buried there!
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per, "If I speak to you. How is this?
 Why are you absent from the bedside of
 your sick husband?"

"Married! married!" she cried, seated
 like a stone statue, "how can you sit
 there thus? Do you not see that I am
 a forlorn, helpless widow?"

"A widow, because you will it. Lady,
 I am your friend, the friend of your race;
 you must have no secrets from me. I
 know you, but why are you here I know
 not. I have heard, however, that he is ill,
 dangerously ill."

"Say no more. If you will give me
 your arm I will return to my home. Do
 not speak now," she said, in a low tone.

He offered his arm, which she took, and
 in silence they walked in the direction of
 the boarding-house, where the gentleman
 had taken apartments for his nephew and
 daughter under the name of John Hal-
 dane. He, too, had been attracted by the
 comfort and tasteful appearance of the
 residence.

Later Mrs. Scott received him
 in her room over a cup of tea. They
 admitted to the landlady being old ac-
 quaintances, though meeting by accident;
 and thus were left alone, without remark
 or comment.

"I suppose you have recognized me?"
 said the gentleman, fixing his dark eyes
 keenly on her.

"You are Balthazar, the gypsy."

"I was once; but I have abandoned the
 tribe forever with the death of the reason-
 which made me join it. My name is
 John Hal dane. The reason for my joining
 them has ceased to exist, and now, Mrs.
 Mordant, why are you here away from
 your husband, rumored in the papers to
 be dying from the desertion of his wife?"

"Mr. Hal dane," said the old landlady
 in a firm, stern voice, "I will
 never return to him. He it was who drove
 me away. We have parted forever."

"There has been some fearful mis-
 understanding. No man ever loved his
 wife more truly and devotedly than Hu-
 bert Treherne."

"You appear to be my friend, you as-
 sume a right to counsel me," she began.

"Every right."

"I will tell you all, then, on one con-
 dition. On your honor as a man, on your
 faith as a Christian, you will do nothing
 without my consent."

"I will do nothing. Tell me all, and I
 will advise you truly and honestly," he re-
 plied.

"I told him all, without hesitation,
 everything, to the most minute detail."
 Balthazar smiled gently.

"My poor child, you are laboring under
 an hallucination, which, however, I may
 not explain. Your husband is the most
 faithful, attached, and un-money-loving
 of men. If I can prove this, will you re-
 turn?"

"Can I disbelieve my hearing—my
 senses?" she cried.

"Yes, everything but that he is false.
 But listen to me—on my salvation I will
 not betray you. But I will leave Arundell
 and Elsie to your care, go down to
 Trendledeep, and there learn the truth.
 Unless I am able to prove to you your
 husband's entire innocence of all you be-
 lieve, I will return alone."

"Return alone anyway," said Lucy,
 unused. "You have been my friend once
 before, and therefore I will not deny you
 now, but nothing can convince me against
 what I saw and heard."

"What we think we see and hear is
 often false," replied Balthazar, or Mr.
 Hal dane rather. "I will go."

And next day he took his departure,
 after leaving Walter Arundell and Elsie
 Hal dane under her charge. The youth
 and the young girl very readily accepted
 her guardianship, and soon became great
 friends with the pale, silent woman.

Mr. Hal dane was away ten days, and
 then he came back, pale, thoughtful, and
 much worn.

"Well?" she said.

"You cannot return to Trendledeep—
 no, you are quite right; and may, guard
 jealously from any who may convey the
 news thither that you are in existence. I
 can explain no more."

And he changed the subject as being a
 painful one.

Lucy sighed, but not with disappoint-
 ment. She had formed her own opinion
 as to the result of his journey, and she
 expected nothing more.

And now, approaching the hour when an
 heir might be expected to the house of
 Mordant, Balthazar quietly intimated his
 intention to remain at Undercliff until
 all was over.

At the end of a month the child came,
 a sturdy baby girl, born among strangers,
 downed, it appeared, to a life of obscurity
 and trial.

Mrs. Scott was forced to trust much to
 Hal dane in all things. He had the child
 registered in its real name, further affixing
 under its right arm a mark, that of a
 strawberry, with some indelible gypsy dye.

At the end of a month Mrs. Scott was
 up and about again, and then John Hal-
 dane, after giving her a safe address, went
 away, leaving the supposed widow alone
 with her child and maid.

She became now moody and sad. Her
 health at once caused her great anxiety,
 and hence a nurse was installed in the
 house.

And so it went on, until the child was
 six months old, by which time Mrs. Pro-
 cter and her daughter, Jessie, had become
 fond both of mother and child. Mrs.
 Scott spoke of going to London.

"I cannot bear to part with the dear
 child," cried the mistress of the house.

"You need not. The child is better
 here than in London," said Mrs. Scott, after
 some few minutes of reflection. "You
 can take care of it until I return."

This proposition caused great delight;
 and when at last Mrs. Procter consented
 to accept a moderate stipend for the child,
 the matter was considered as settled.

It would be erroneous to believe that
 Lucy was wanting in affection for the
 babe when she thus left it behind her; but
 the heavy blow her affection had received,
 and the uncertainty of her future, had
 been taken into consideration when she
 saw that the leaving of the child in such a
 case was rather a satisfaction than otherwise
 to the young mother.

Her purpose was a fixed and settled one,
 which the presence of the babe might im-
 pede, and Lucy was not one of those who,
 having taken up a resolution, is very
 easily led to abandon it.

Her course was a clear and marked one,
 and she fully intended to carry it out.

She had been married for her money by
 one who, to win her, had descended to
 hypocrisy—even to the hypocrisy of vir-
 tues.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OLD BISHOP'S MANTLE.

The decision in which Mrs. Scott—the
 first of many whose was to be known by
 her name, was to take to the stage as a
 profession. She knew her own talent,
 and had no fear of the result, but she
 was also well aware of the difficulties
 which stand in the way of the debutante.
 She had no mind to go hawking round her
 talent to the managers.

But she had every reason to believe that
 she had in her own hand the certain plan
 by which to obviate all this.

On reaching London, she threw off her
 widow's weeds.

Mrs. Scott was one of those who would
 have looked elegant in the most simple
 of gowns, it may, therefore, be readily
 imagined what she was after passing under
 the hands of a fashionable milliner, and
 started for Paris in a first-class carriage,
 with a lady's-maid almost as finely habited
 as herself.

Mr. Scott had no particular predilec-
 tion for Paris. But the young and reser-
 ved woman had a motive. She had given
 up a fortune unexpectedly bestowed upon
 her; she would make one herself, and place
 her child, the unknown and obscure heiress
 of Mordant, on a pedestal where all the
 world should worship her.

On their arrival in Paris, Madame Scott
 went to a first-rate hotel, secured excellent
 apartments, and then drove out to see the
 city. During her drive, she went to several
 spots familiar to her, and then halted at
 the end of a small, neat, but obscure
 street, the Boulevard des Capucines.

Here she alighted, tripped in her old
 girlish style across the pavement, and in
 the finest French asked the *concierge* if the
 Signor Rocca still resided there.

"Yes," said the French official, rather
 gruffly, "I wish he did not."

Mrs. Scott looked at the silent peasant-
 these *concierges* are the most grovelling,
 abject money-lovers in existence—and
 slipped a five-franc piece into his greedy
 hands.

"Is my old friend ill?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the coarse-minded Ger-
 beron, "the worst illness—poverty."

Mrs. Scott looked at the old man, and
 house; and regaining her carriage, return-
 ed to the hotel.

The message intimated that an English
 lady wanted to see the Signor Rocca on
 important business, and that he was to
 be returned in the carriage sent at once.

This done, Mrs. Scott entered the house,
 for two, dressed herself and waited, watch-
 ing a window until she saw the expected
 carriage pull up in the courtyard. Then
 she advanced to an open piano, and
 accompanying herself, poured forth one
 of the richest floods of music which per-
 ceived, she took up her position, and
 when it was the private hotel of a
 duke or marquis.

The invited guest stood in the door
 transfixed. He hurriedly put forth the at-
 tendant, closed the door, and waited with
 clasped hands.

Suddenly the player arose, and ad-
 vanced toward him with both hands ex-
 tended.

"Well, my dear master."

"Ma Lucie," cried the Italian, with all
 that indescribable fervor and feeling which
 Duprez used to put into those few words.

She told him a good deal of what the
 world had done for her, and then, with a
 just the same as she left you, a little
 older, and a little out of practice."

"And married! *mon Dieu!* you are
 Madame Scott," said the artist, with a
 sigh.

"Married, and yet not Madame Scott,"
 replied Lucy gently, "but explanatory
 later. Let us now to dinner," and she
 gave up his hand to go away and give
 orders.

The Signor Rocca, now about five and
 forty, and as white-headed and old looking
 as a man of fifty-five or eight, was of the
 most perfect form of Italian attractive-
 ness. There were about him all the re-
 mains of beauty—not of that style which
 is peculiar to old age, but that of youth
 prematurely aged.

His face had all the remains of the
 sweetest man I ever knew. His head was
 long, like a hawk's; his eyes were of the
 darkest blue, the eyebrows and long dis-
 joining eyelashes being very dark over the
 nose straight, and forward from the
 brows; the half black moustache running
 with the curve of the upper lip. His hair
 was white, his form bowed.

The Signor Rocca was an Italian prince,
 with two characteristics which had led him
 to poverty—patriotism and love of art.

He had lived for several years an exile
 in Paris, unwilling to tread the soil of his
 ancestors while in poverty and obscurity;
 but, devoted to his country as he was,
 aspiring from his soul to see her free, his
 passion was music.

His costume was simple to a fault, but
 he never for one moment thought of that;
 and when he sat down to dinner with his
 beautiful pupil, did the honors of the table
 with stately dignity.

The dinner, indeed, coffee was brought,
 and the old friends were alone.

"And now, my Lucie, what can I do for
 you?" he said.

"My friend, my master, I come to place
 in your hands almost my life. You will be
 secret."

"As the grave!"

"Well, my friend, you have often wished
 that I should select the opera as a profes-
 sion. You say I am qualified for it?"

"Admirably qualified," he began.

"My friend," she interrupted, "I have
 no dearest wish than to adopt the stage;
 to accept a moderate stipend for the child,
 the matter was considered as settled."

It would be erroneous to believe that
 Lucy was wanting in affection for the
 babe when she thus left it behind her; but
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Her purpose was a fixed and settled one,
 which the presence of the babe might im-
 pede, and Lucy was not one of those who,
 having taken up a resolution, is very
 easily led to abandon it.

Her course was a clear and marked one,
 and she fully intended to carry it out.

As soon as her arrangements had been
 made, and six months paid in advance for
 the child and nurse, the young woman
 took her departure, to commence once
 more the weary pilgrimage of life, under
 circumstances which never, in her wildest
 dreams, had occurred to her.

CHAPTER XX.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Figure 4. *Staphylococcus aureus* and *Salmonella*.



myself, "I know your true character too well. I have always been able to read your hard, unemotional, selfish feelings through your most plausible smiles. I have never been deceived by you; I am not now. I know that you never had a spark of affection for me, a trace of sympathy with my forlorn condition, or charity for my silent misery. I

This is absurd frenzy," she ejaculated
he hastened to the door and threw
open.
He fell back with a short cry, for Cleve-
land D₂mart, in the dark green uniform of

in strange influence—electro magnetic
monomeric, or whatever it might have

age, she scanned the faces of all who
 used her, especially the distinguished of
 own sex.

ness and taste by an accomplished musician, an appreciable quietude prevailed.

10-1-55

BY MAX ADELER

There was a small boat in a narrow street upstream. They were going on a fishing excursion the other day, and as they wanted to be sure to wake in time to catch the early train they ran a lot of clothes line across the street, into the second-story windows, and such things as used to be long, so that if they were late they could pull the boat free a pull. The scheme was an excellent one, and we knew of no reason why, under ordinary circumstances, it should not have worked well. But about five o'clock that morning, some laborer stopped in front of the house next door down the street, for the purpose of erecting a pole for a clothes line. Well, the fellow began to put the pole up on one side. But unfortunately it slipped, and came down with tremendous force upon the

“66” Too much fish would melt,” sighed Jones, the other morning, as he wrestled with his breakfast. “’thaw, and resolve itself into a dew.” And so it might, Mr. Jones, snapped Mrs. Gloggers, “if there was but so much dew from some of my night bams.” Jones did not reply, but continued to ruminate upon the state, stark and unprofitable ones of this world.

“66” An experienced underwriter believes that elled rage coasts more free in this country than any other single cause.

“66” Celia, N. Y., has a horse faster 106 years old than who rode the giraffe black horse that he has broken to obedience within the past two or three years.

BY SPUNK.

"What?"

"Yes—Christine left home this morning; and went, too, without her aunt's address. The trunks were packed off early, and I found a card on her dressing-table, after she had left."

"But where has she gone?"

"To Wilmington. Aunt Bessie wanted

[illegible]

should have taken it for granted that there was neither gladness nor regret to express?" Her confusion increased, and her absolute silence broke up his cool manner. He leaned forward with the most urgent entreaty in his eyes, and a husky expression

press constructed by the late Mr. Bullo & of this
type prints both sides at once, and will probably
ultimately come into general use for daily papers
of large circulation. The London Times has a
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much better than it is now before you will make a
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Answers to Correspondents

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